

## Menu 161

### Chapter 161: The Purpose

“Hume!”

Peters rushed over.

Anxiety filled the face of the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman when he saw his junior wrapped in bandages, his eyes turning a deep red.

For the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman, there were few people or things in the world he cared about.

But Hume was definitely one of them.

Because, in Peters’s view, Hume was the one who should have inherited ‘Cat Hole.’

Not him?

He had always thought that he was only able to inherit ‘Cat Hole’ because his teacher was delirious before dying.

If Hume had inherited 'Cat Hole,' it wouldn't be in such a mess now.

After all, he was just an ordinary person.

How could an ordinary person inherit 'Cat Hole'?

"Cough, cough."

Soft coughs came from the stretcher.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman looked down to see his junior struggling to get up.

"You lie down..."

"Asshole, you're pressing on my wound."

Hume growled.

The 'Cat Hole' Swordsman immediately stood up, raising his hands high with a sheepish smile on his face.

"Sorry!"

“Sorry, I didn’t notice.”

Hume subconsciously wanted to say something.

But looking at the ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman in his current state, he found himself at a loss for words.

“You’re still the same.”

“I don’t know why the teacher would give you the successor’s position.”

Hume finally snorted coldly.

“Maybe it was because he was delirious before death...”

Slap!

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman was explaining subconsciously, but before he could finish, he was struck to the ground by his junior’s scabbard.

“Don’t use such childish excuses to shirk responsibility!”

Hume growled.

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman fell and quite simply played dead.

If he had fallen, then it was best to lie there motionless.

Hey!

Is that dried fish on the ground?

That’s mine!

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman, reacting instantly, crawled over, picked up the dried fish, blew on it, and put it in his mouth.

“It hasn’t been more than three seconds on the ground!”

“Definitely fine!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman mumbled to himself as he ate.

“Asshole!”

“It’s been thirty seconds already!”

Hume bellowed.

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman froze, hesitated for a moment, but still did not spit out the dried fish.

However, he had his own way of resolving the issue.

“It hasn’t been more than thirty-one seconds on the ground, definitely fine!”

The ‘Cat Hole’ Swordsman mumbled to himself again.

Huff, puff!

Hume was breathing heavily.

The wound that the 'Cat Hole' Swordsman had pressed on burst open, spilling blood, and he collapsed to the ground.

"This is bad!"

"He's passed out."

"The wound has burst open again!"

"Quick, call the doctor."

The two guards who brought Hume shouted.

Suddenly, the vacation cottage was in chaos.

Peters quietly stood in the corner.

He looked at his junior being carried into the room, his face filled with deep regret.

He just wanted to casually earn a position at 'Cat Hole,' make some money, open a small dried fish shop, marry an ordinary woman and have children when he reached a certain age, pass the shop on to his son when he got old, then die neatly, without suffering from illness.

That was his previous wish.

And it was his lifelong wish.

But 'Cat Hole' vanished under the artillery fire.

His wish was doomed to go unfulfilled.

Because he had inherited 'Cat Hole.'

But 'Cat Hole' was no more, what use was such an inheritance?

Maybe it was useful.

Maybe it was useless.

But regardless, he had been targeted time and again.

He didn't like violence.

But he also didn't want to be killed, and so he had no choice but to fight back.

And such rebellion only made the situation worse.

So, he went to Jordan, and became a carriage driver.

Though he was poor and even had to ration his dried fish, being away from everything made him feel at peace.

Until...

Jason arrived.

He was pulled back into the vortex once again.



He saw his younger fellow disciple once more.

Then, as he longed for those ordinary days, he followed behind Jason, drifting further away from the tranquility he remembered.

About his days now...

He didn't know how to describe them.

Just like he didn't know how to face the other survivors of Cat Hole.

He always thought that not thinking about it meant no problems would arise.

That's what he had done before.

But,

Can such days continue?

Or rather, should they continue?

The hesitant Cat Hole Swordsman leaned against a palm tree, greatly wanting to flee just like before.

But then, he thought of the life-saving favor from Jason.

He couldn't leave until he had repaid Jason's kindness.

This was one of the few bottom lines of someone who had always been evasive.

Is it funny?

The Cat Hole Swordsman asked himself.

Truly ridiculous.

The Cat Hole Swordsman answered himself.

Then there was a sigh.

“I just want to be an ordinary person.”

He murmured softly to himself.

Then, he suddenly turned around.

And saw Dennise staring at him curiously.

“What’s wrong?”

The Cat Hole Swordsman asked, feeling extremely uncomfortable under that gaze.

“What were you just hiding?”

Dennise suddenly asked.

“What?”

“I wasn’t hiding anything!”

“I was just picking up some dried fish.”

The Cat Hole Swordsman explained with a forced laugh.

“No!”

“You were hiding something...”

“Dried fish!”

“I saw you put the rest of it behind you just now, where has it gone?”

Dennise questioned while sniffing about as if trying to track down the missing dried fish.

But her usually sharp nose couldn’t detect even a hint of the fish at this moment.

Dennise looked at the Cat Hole Swordsman with suspicion.

The latter gave a forced laugh and quickly walked toward the room.

His sixth sense told him he should stay away from Dennise at this moment.

Otherwise...

His secret would be discovered.

Inside the room, Hume awoke.

Seeing Peters enter, the expression on the Swordsman's face, who was also from Cat Hole, lightened considerably.

"You're not completely disgraceful."

"You haven't run away again."

After saying this, he ignored Peters, who wanted to explain, and focused his gaze between Jason and Gerard, sweeping his eyes over the two of them.

After several seconds, Hume sighed and said.

“I should have thought of this earlier.”

“Every style has its contingency.”

“The Griffin is like that.”

“The Bear is too.”

“But the Cat... it’s different!”

“It truly died!”

Hume seemed to understand everything just from looking at Jason and Gerard, wearing a face full of sorrow. Then, he glared at Peters with a more ferocious look, like a bristling kitten.

What had he learned?

Gerard silently questioned Jason with his eyes.

People from Cat Hole are adept at understanding everything.

Jason replied with his gaze.

After Peters shrank back timidly to one side, Hume turned his head, facing Jason squarely.

The kitten spoke word by word—

“I come on behalf of the Revival Society.”

“The Piper wants to see you.”